THE COMFORT OF MYSTERY

ANGELINA was a sore trial to her old pastor because she was a faddist. She was always enthusiastic about some new scheme that would solve the economic problems of the country, some book that had discovered the origin of life, or some theory that solved the mysteries of evil. If you could have plotted a graph of her mind, it would have looked like a herringbone. She never stayed on the main track long, but kept darting off to right or left on one barren lead or another.

Her newest fad was a book that purported to solve all the mysteries of religion, and she was entranced with it.

"O Dr. Sutherland," she exclaimed, "it's perfectly wonderful! It just rationalizes everything about religion and makes it all as simple as a b c."

"Then I don't like it," said the old doctor with a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

"But, doctor, you haven't read it; so how can you say you don't like it?" persisted Angelina.

"Because, Angelina," replied the doctor, "when you have taken the mystery out of religion, you have taken the comfort out of it. A God whom you could compass with the mind would be no God to you, would he? It is the same with the personality of Christ, and the other mysteries about religion. Mind you, I'm not saying that we shouldn't use our minds. It was Christ Himself who said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with . . . all thy mind.' But, Angelina, it's the unfathomable in our religion that is the comforting thing in it. The old poem says of Christ:

> "O to have watched thee through the vineyards wander,
> Pluck the ripe ears and into evening roam;
> Followed and known that in the twilight yonder
> Legions of angels shone about thy home.

"That's it, Angelina," he said gently. "The instincts of humanity have always followed Christ home through the twilight of his humanity into the glory of his sonship in the eternal dwelling place. People say that in a clear-thinking age like this you can't get the world to believe in a miracle. As a matter of fact, the fathomless needs of the human soul will not let men believe in anything less stupendous and divine.

"I ran across a little thing the other day," he continued, "written by one of the rarest mystics of England in the nineteenth century, that sums it all up. He says, 'When men have spun their last compassable theory of religion and of life, the weary and heartbroken children of men will be found breaking through the meshes of argument, sweeping away the glosses from divine truth, and casting themselves upon that mystery of mercy and might which is as the mystery of the stars.'

"I think he's right, Angie," said the old minister affectionately. "Always suspect the man who makes truth too simple."

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